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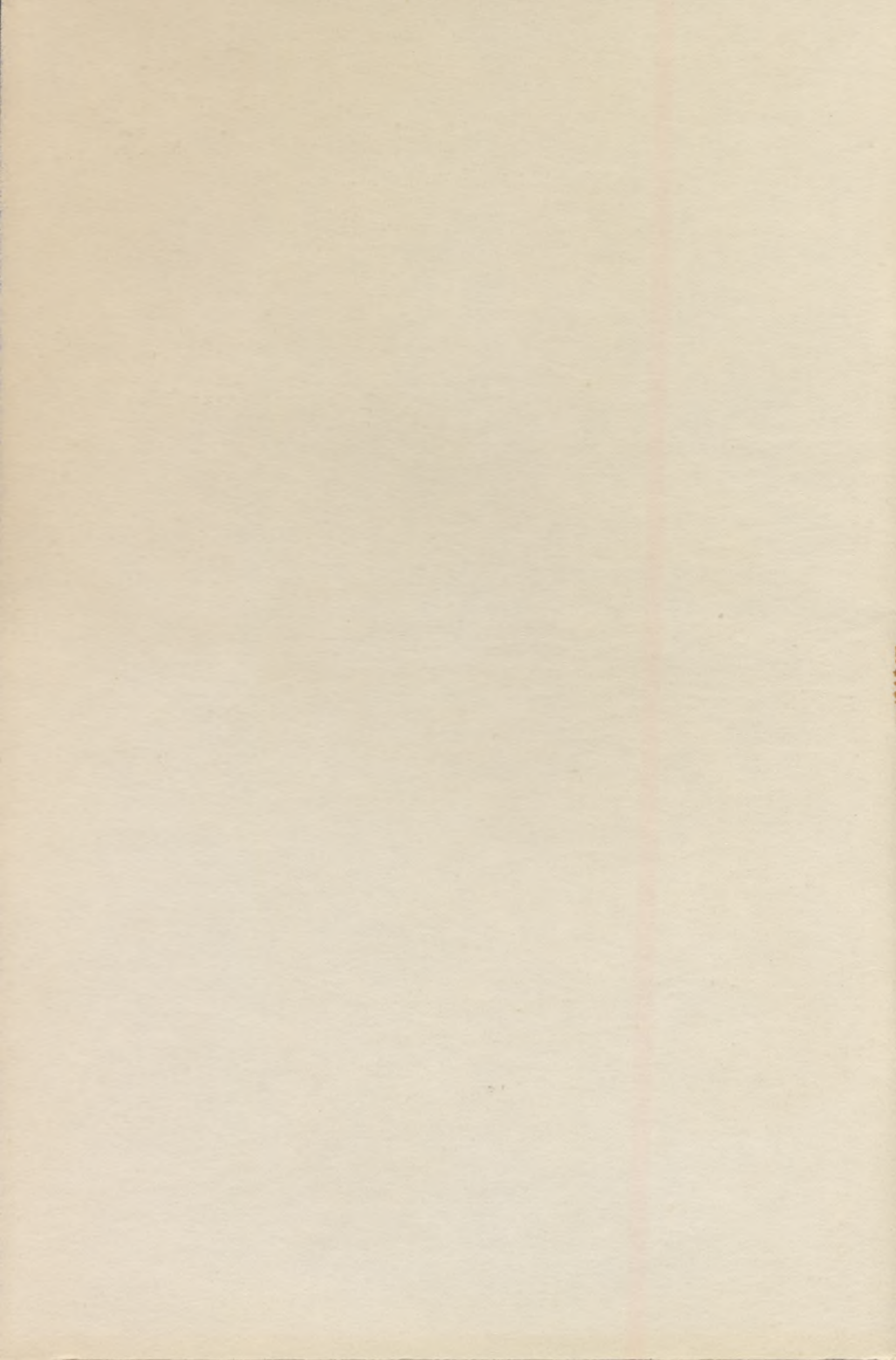
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Quiz^{and} Quill



CHRISTMAS 1941



...THE QUIZ AND QUILL...

Published by
THE QUIZ AND QUILL CLUB
of Otterbein College
Westerville, Ohio



THE STAFF

Marjorie Miller - - - - - Editor
Georgia Turner - - - - - Associate Editor
Wilma Moler Creamer - - Business Manager

Cover Design by Ruthanna Shuck

and

Betty Woodworth

Cover by Otterbein Crafts Guild



FOREWORD

I must weave a melody
Of madness that is in me.
Of shouting that is in me
I must make a song.
I must write a symphony
Expressing exultation.
This gay, tumultous riot
I have held too long!

—Marjorie Miller

The Quiz and Quill Club

C. O. Altman	-	-	-	-	Sponsor
Mary Thomas	-	-	-	-	Alumni Secretary
Betty Woodworth	-	-	-	-	President
Eldon Shauck	-	-	-	-	Vice-President
Georgia Turner	-	-	-	-	Secretary-Treasurer
Bette Greene	-	-	-	-	Program Chairman
Wilma Moler Creamer,	Chairman	Edgar Daniels			
Florence Emert		Emmajane Hilliard			
Marjorie Miller		Ruthanna Shuck			

LITERARY PRIZES

J. A. Barnes Short Story

First Award	-	-	-	Almena Innerst, '42
Second Award	-	-	-	Bette Greene, '42
Third Award	-	-	-	Eleanor Brooks, '41

Dr. Roy A. Burkhart Essay Contest

First Award	-	-	-	Eleanor Brooks, '41
Second Award	-	-	-	Margaret Barron, '43
Third Award	-	-	-	Edgar Daniels, '43

Dr. Roy A. Burkhart Poetry Contest

First Award	-	-	-	Betty Woodworth, '42
Second Award	-	-	-	Phillip Hartwell, '41
Third Award	-	-	-	Marjorie Miller, '43

THE QUIZ AND QUILL CONTEST

Autumn, 1941

PROSE

First Prize	-	-	-	-	Jeanne Ackley, '45
Second Prize	-	-	-	-	Paul Reber, '43
Third Prize	-	-	-	-	Peggy Barry, '45
Honorable Mention:	Irving Brown, '44				
	Julia Thomas, '45				

POETRY

First Prize	-	-	-	-	Jeanne Ackley, '45
Second Prize	-	-	-	-	Irving Brown, '44
Third Prize	-	-	-	-	Rita La Vine, '42
Honorable Mention:	Jean Unger, '43				
	Jacqueline Pfeifer, '44				

EGOIST
IRVING BROWN

For all this time
I have not asked or told or begged or pleaded.
I have not even thought of You in any time or place,
Nor wished Your aid in an emergency that made me puzzled
for a while.
Proud of my independence, self-sufficiency
I felt myself above a gift
That came not from my own
Expansive mind and works.
But now,
A meek, submissive mind
Damned by myself for all my own weak acts and thoughts,
Supplicant for help
I sue to You
And mean it earnestly.
And yet were I above,
And You below, as much in debt,
I long ago would payment have demanded
Or meted out due punishment.
Yet You will hear
And probably forgive,
Lend comfort and assistance,
And I shall turn again
Into myself, and all my life,
Will be a spinning, tightening ring
Of egoism, worldliness,
And greed.



THE TIMID PHILOSOPHER
WILMA MOLER CREAMER

Into the well of Knowledge deep
Eager yet hesitant I dip.
For, Socrates, I am afraid
To lift the hemlock to my lip.

WHITE SILENCE
JEANNE ACKLEY

The grey sky stretches wide and far;
The white world lies below,
And still, star on exquisite star,
Falls the snow.

THE THIN SANTA
BETTE GREENE

Janie pressed her nose close to the glass. She watched the snow flakes as they fell, gently, like feathery down covering everything in dazzling white. Almost as if "The Man in Heaven" were making everything clean and sweet for the Christ Child. Like the talcum Mother put on little Bobby.

A wave of pure joy and contentment mingled with breath-taking excitement surged through her little body. Christmas was here. Christmas with its gaily decorated trees and the socks hung on the fire place. Good old St. Nick with his jolly laugh and twinkling eyes was due to come again. To-night!

Janie tossed her head defiantly. Those boys at school were lying! She blushed in humiliation as she thought of the way she had stormed at them. Most embarrassing of all—she had cried.

Well, she thought angrily, Jimmie didn't have to be so mean. And anyway—well—She turned from the window. Her straight, blond hair was topped by a saucy red ribbon that made her look even younger than her seven years.

"Mother, there is too a Santa, isn't there?" she asked in a doubtful voice.

Her mother smiled and glancing up from her knitting looked at the little girl. "Of course, darling; where else would you get all the pretty presents for Christmas?"

Janie looked at her Mother as she carefully weighed this evidence. "Why I don't know. There must be a Santa Claus. Mother, I have been a good girl, haven't I?"

"Yes, darling," her mother laughed in a pleasant ripple. "You have been a very good girl and I think St. Nick will reward you greatly. Now stop worrying, dear, and run upstairs and wash

your hands. It's almost time for your father and then we'll have dinner."

After dinner was over Janie got the stockings—Daddy's big hunting socks, one of Mother's old cotton ones, her own school stocking and Bobby's little one.

Her father and mother watched her as she hung the stockings with care in front of the blazing fire. First the big ones then hers and lastly Bobby's.

The room was gaily decorated with holly and mistletoe. In each window a big wreath hung as a symbol to the outside world that this was Christmas. In one corner was the tree. Janie swelled with pride as she looked at it. Its tinseled glory reached to the height of the ceiling and various decorations glittered among its green branches. On the floor around it was spread a sheet with bits of glistening artificial snow. All ready. Even the refreshments. Janie thought Santa deserved that, so she had her mother make coffee and sandwiches for him.

Satisfied with everything Janie went sleepily to bed. When finally her mother tucked her in, she settled down for pleasant dreams of Santa and his reindeers.

"Arf, arf—"

Janie stirred restlessly in her sleep.

"Arf, arf—"

Janie opened one eye, then the other. She heard a soft whining and then a voice quietly urging. First she thought it was morning. But the moonlight which was streaming through the window made her realize it was still night. Suddenly she was awake. Of course, it was Santa. How dumb of her. She jumped out of bed, quickly found her slippers and crept down the stairs. She'd say hello and thank Santa for everything that he had done for her. When she peeked around the corner the first thing that caught her eye was a lovable little white puppy that romped about the room. Her eyes popped with excitement.

Santa, oh Santa, how dear he was to bring such a lovable puppy. She simply must see him. She looked around the room. There he was. Why

he—he didn't have on his red suit. Just a plain old business suit like her Daddy. That wasn't the way she had pictured Santa. He—he was thin and—and there was a lady too. She had heard of Mrs. Claus but then she never knew that she went along with Santa. Somehow it seemed awfully unlady-like to climb down chimneys. But then Mrs. Claus was extra special—

Sharp realization bit at her heart. Tears came to her eyes as she turned and softly crept back upstairs. Jimmie was right. There was no Santa Claus. That—that had been just her mother and father.

Slowly she climbed back into the bed and buried her head in the pillow. Gradually her sobbing ceased. The idea wasn't so bad. Her own mother and father were Santa Claus and every other boy and girl's too. How sweet of them to love her so. Of course, why mother and father were Santa Clauses all the time. It was a rather nice thought and her tears dried. She even smiled a little.

"Janie—Merry Christmas."

Janie woke with a start. It was Christmas Day. The sun poured in her window. She hopped out of her bed and ran to it. The world was covered with diamonds all glistening and sparkling in the flashing sunlight. Christmas Day—Santa Claus—Oh! but maybe she dreamed—no. There were two Santa Clauses—Father and Mother. She turned and ran downstairs.



SINGING SILENCE
MARJORIE MILLER

There is a song that silence sings—
The soul's own music—
There is a peace that silence brings
To ease despair.
A wild and lilting melody
For the winged soul rushing—
A soft and tender lullaby
For the tired soul's hushing—
Such is the song that silence sings—
The soul's own music—
Deep in the blue-dark night it rings
And echoes there.

PHANTASY
BETTY WOODWORTH

Stretched between the grasses green,
Scintillating in the light
I saw a thousand gossamers,
Shimmering and bright;
They transport secret messages
Between the fairies wee and small;
I'm sure these little webby wires
Carry no sad news at all,
But only greetings glad and gay,
I'd like to listen in sometime
And happy thoughts, and true!
On a fairy telephone—would you?



AFTER-SONG
JEANNE ACKLEY

There will be joy
In the after-years,
And ecstasy,
And tears.

There will be life
In the after-stars,
Life and death,
Leaving no scars.

There will be time
In the after-nights,
Time for climbing,
Oh, may there be heights!



POSTSCRIPT
JEAN UNGER

Life — and love — and now Homecoming's over.
Color—and laughter — and now it isn't here.
Floats — and the game — new crisp autumn weather,
And now it's drab again until another year.

Friends — excitement — but now the same old faces.
Luncheons — dancing — but now we've settled down.
Flowers — beauty — crammed into a week-end,
But now it's just the same old humdrum town.

A DESCRIPTION

PEGGY BARRY

It was a late November afternoon, not the usual cold, snappy day that you'd expect just after Thanksgiving, but it was warm and sunny and peaceful. There was an invigorating smell of burning leaves and a pale blue haze of smoke hung over the campus like a veil of azure chiffon. It clung to the ivied walls and made them like a dream—blurred and indistinct. There was the muffled sound of fellows' voices as they stuffed rusty leaves in huge baskets to be burned. And the fluttering leaves made patterns in the sleepy air like tired butterflies as they drifted earthward. Some seemed to congregate in little groups as if to talk over their new freedom and perhaps to discuss future adventures. Some were aloof and distant, seeking their own comfort; the little ones went round in circles.

Down by the river there was a breeze that tangled your hair and made you feel clean and free. It ruffled the smooth surface of the water, converting it into thousands of little mirrors all reflecting the shining rays of the autumn sun.



"DUST AND ECHOES"

JEANNE ACKLEY

"Rome" is a strong word. It makes me think of stone and blazing sunlight on metal helmets; of eagles and oppression; of caged animals and the great arena. Rome means the might of marching legions along the ancient roads.

"Greece" is a strong word, too, but it is more beautiful and quiet in its strength. The sunlight of Greece is the sunlight of early morning or late afternoon, and not the molten Roman fire of noon-day. Greece means rhythm, drama, and poetry; it means the Parthenon and marble columns and the far-off beginnings of democracy.

Greece and Rome—still echoing in my ears the music of past civilization, the sound of a lyre on green hillsides and a trumpet-call from a mountain.

And yet, they are to us only names, all of the vanished ancients of the earth. We know their names, but not their people. Oh, of course, there are great kings and giants of the later years whose lives and works are known to some of us, but it is not of them that I am thinking. I am thinking of all who came before man could leave a heritage of words.

For we have learned that the most potent triumvirate of all discovery was that of language, writing, and, ultimately, the printing press. It is very difficult to say what today's world would be without them, but it is impossible to contemplate all the wonderful and beautiful things which must have died ere they came into existence.

There must have been people throughout all that ancient world—people wise and great and simple—whose knowledge and dreams were burned out within narrow village walls and about whom we can know nothing.

There must have been poetry spoken in darkness and forgotten, music sounded in the night and lost but for its echoes, noble deeds, and all the little everyday dreams which have been the heritage of humanity from time immemorial. It is staggering to contemplate such loss in personality and talents and ideals.

Sometimes, today, I am obsessed with a great hunger to know the stories behind the faces in the streets, to see with their eyes and to be what they are.

But, how much greater grows this hunger with a knowledge of all the countless millions whom I shall never know at all—yesterday's people and the dust of their dreams!



QUERY

MARY E. LEARISH

Why is it every time
Love flames within my heart
And burns so deep
That as I start
To tell you of my love
You fall asleep?

SO IS YOUR LOVE

RETA LaVINE

How like a snowstorm
Was your love!
It came at first so quiet and so small
I scarcely knew that it was there at all.
Yet as I watched
It grew and grew
Until at last the world I knew
Was lost in its intensity.
Now today the snow has gone—
Is that the way of love, too?



SOLITAIRE

GEORGIA TURNER

Maternal, paternal and fraternal love and I had always sat at the same card table, playing together. But one night at a bridge party I met him—handsome, deft, shrewd, and a regular card shark at the Game of Love. He must have sensed that I was a novice at the game, because through his tricks he bluffed me into believing that he loved me. He taught me every play. The game was thrilling at the start, and I never seemed to realize that half the thrill was gone, until the scores were tallied. I learned to take poor deals, seldom calling for a new one. I was content to let him do all the bidding, and it never occurred to me that I was entitled to a share in it. I lovingly grasped every "do" and "don't" of the game. I tried to play his way. I marveled at his shufflings and his style. He gave me courage. I thought I was going to win. He played his cards so cleverly that I never lost a single thrill. He cut the cards, and it all seemed fair. But then one night he trumped my ace I didn't follow suit. Tonight I'm playing solitaire.

ON THE ALMOST PERFECT HUSBAND.

FLORENCE EMERT

Creating a universe such as ours is quite a strenuous task, as can be seen from the fact that on the sixth day of creation God lapsed into a state of mental dullness during which he created man. Almost immediately he saw his error and created woman. Things have been running smoothly ever since. The seventh day God took a much needed rest, knowing that everything would be "good." Since that time women have been subjecting themselves to the distasteful task of choosing from the all-too-limited variety of masculinity the particular male (or males) most suited to their tastes.

These tastes differ widely, but if one could determine from a nation-wide poll the type of man most often prayed for, he would find him to be a creature such as this. He is a half head taller than his better half, handsome, with either wavy dark or wavy blond hair. His most redeeming quality, however, is the fact that he is utterly unaware of his attractiveness. The woman so fortunate as to snare the perfect husband need never fear his being untrue to her. He will be blindly devoted all the rest of his days no matter how unkind time is to her physical appearance.

The perfect husband supports his wife in the way in which she would like to think she was accustomed before their marriage. The ideal spouse, though he holds a responsible position, is not any more interested in his work than is necessary, but is primarily concerned with his family. To them he gives all his time and money. A member of this rare species is not more interested in the happenings of the outside world than in the affairs of his own household, and therefore does not breakfast behind his newspaper but enjoys listening to the neighborhood gossip and solving the household problems together with his wife. What can be of more practical value than to know that the garbage man now comes on Tuesday afternoon instead of Wednesday forenoon?

The perfect husband is thoughtful. He always cleans his nails and remembers anniversaries. He does not consider it an insult to his masculinity to be expected to wipe the dishes or to blow Junior's nose. The perfect husband realizes how much he owes his wife and appreciates how difficult a task is running a home; so he never criticizes if the house is untidy, the meals unappetizing and his wife's disposition decidedly tainted. Even though he is unobservant so far as the unpleasant details are concerned, he never fails to notice and approve of his wife's new hats or a rearrangement of the living-room.

The perfect husband is easy to please, self-sacrificing, and almost non-existent. Didn't someone once say that everything happens for the best?



AN ENCHANTRESS ED DANIELS

Be still and do not speak, my child,
Let no thing move;
Again I see that horrid disc
Through storm clouds move.
A slave ship's tyrant captain strides
Through frightened crew
To wreak his fury on a wretch
That knows no due.
A pallid queen amid her court
Ascends a throne
And reigns in silence unadorned,
Above, alone.
In some cold, olive sea the shark
Past seaweeds glides
To hidden fissures, ominous, where
Mystery abides.
So moves the moon, and vagrant wisps
Of cloud stand still;
And thus before the moon stand I
And always will.
Breathe not, move not, let the world be still;
Though all things die,
No noise shall break the spell that rides
Across the sky.

WHEN THE SILVER BIRDS GO HOME

JEANNE ACKLEY

The day will come—gray and sodden
In the lateness of a dying year
When the silver birds—
The bombers—
Will return home,
Unto the shoulders of the men
Who made them
And sent them forth
Over all the hilltops and the valleys
Of the earth we have loved;
The day will come,
And all the little people of the world
Will creep out from underground
And look up into the skies again
Unafraid and calm
As they plant seeds.
In the lateness of a dying year
The silver birds will go home
And all men will know strangeness
And bewilderment.
Even silver birds
Grow weary of death
And all men sicken and grow tired
Of hatred.



SHE WAS DEAD

CONSTANCE SAPP

She was dead! She knew she was dead! Her funeral was going on right above her. Rev. White was praying. She could hear him very plainly. He sounded just the same—just the same as he had always sounded on all those many Sunday mornings that she had sat here, in this very church, listening to his deep tones rumble on and on.

She wished he would finish praying. Funerals were such ghastly affairs! Why did they make her lie and hear all this? If only they knew what a tortured suspense it was! Still she waited for him to finish praying—and still he prayed and

prayed. And then—while he was still praying—someone sneezed. It was a loud sneeze and a familiar one. That must be Jim—she thought—he always sneezed that way. She and Jim had studied their French lessons together when they had both been in school at the University.

She wished she could see Jim—he'd say something to make her laugh. She wanted to laugh—she wanted to be able to jump up and laugh at all of them and say, "See, I'm not dead, I'm alive. It was all a mistake." And then they'd all crowd around her and say how glad they were she wasn't dead, and how they'd have to have a party to celebrate, and her mother would cry because she'd be so happy, and David would kiss her. And then he'd look at her, and his eyes would wrinkle up at the corners, the way they did when he was happy, and he'd say now he could go on and marry her like they'd planned and wouldn't have to bother to hunt a new girl. David always teased her that way—but she knew he didn't mean it. Yes, she wanted to get up and laugh. But she couldn't. She knew she couldn't. Dead people aren't able to laugh!

At last the prayer was finished and Rev. White was talking again. He was saying what a sweet, kind girl she'd been and that she'd surely go to Heaven where she'd be happier than here with all the struggles of life.

When she heard this she wanted to cry out that she was happy here on earth—that she didn't want to be dead. No, she didn't want to be dead! The full force of the realization that she was no longer alive swept across her motionless body like a strong tidal wave of grief. Never again could she feel the warm sun making her body glow, or the soft springiness of clean, white sand, or the sharp tingle of snow striking her face! Never again would she be able to thrill to the sight of a stadium filled for the big game! Never again could she hear the wind in the trees, or the soft strains of

beautiful music! Never again could she be able to see a clear star-filled night or a lake with tiny white ripples, or white birch trees gleaming in the sun, or lilacs swaying in the rain, or green covered mountains stretching out into the distance.

She didn't want to be dead! She wanted to live. Three days ago she had been alive! She had been alive and beautiful! She was twenty-two. She was a success. She was in love. She was happy. Yes, three days ago she had had everything to live for—. Now she was dead—dead and in her coffin. And all around her was blackness—a black pit of nothingness.

She knew that above her was light, but she couldn't see it. She knew that if only she could push strongly enough against this black oppression it would give way to light. Her mind and will struggled in a terrific effort, straining to thrust away from her this darkness which was pressing down like a monster machine. Her brain whirled with dizziness from the intense impact of the strife within her.

And then—the blackness was gone. She was free. She could move. She could see. She was standing in the middle aisle of the church, and as she looked down she saw the coffin and in it—her body. How queer, she thought, to be able to stand and look at oneself—and—I don't look at all like I thought I did.

Slowly then she became aware of the mixed odors of the flowers. Vivid red carnations, slender, white lilies, roses, pink and white snapdragons—all destined to die with her. The red roses were from David. She knew that without looking at the card. David always sent red roses.

Where was David, she wondered?—and turned to look for him. There was Ruth, Dot, and Jim, Maxine (she looked sweet in that blue dress), Jack—David—there he was, sitting with her mother and father. He looked so handsome. She wished

he could see her standing there because if he could then he'd smile at her. She wanted to see David smile—he was sitting there so grim, and straight, and quiet. How nice mother looked there beside him. That must be a new dress. She hoped mother would be able to keep from crying, because father was always so distressed when mother cried.

Walking slowly and steadily down the aisle toward her mother and David, she noticed how crowded the church was. It's nice it wasn't hot today, she thought. She could feel the light breeze which was softly rustling through the big church. There was Mrs. Kirby in the back—the breeze was just barely strong enough to make the long feather on her hat nod back and forth. Strange that these small details caught her attention.

As she sat down beside David she was taunted by the thought that he would not, could not, know she was there. A panic of terror again flooded across her consciousness and in a frenzy of fear, she reached for David's hand. Its familiar contours gave her courage to think again.

It was then that she first became aware of the strange power that had come to her—for as she sat here, beside David, it was as though his thought were being recorded on her mind. She could feel what he was thinking.

"She looks the same—but she isn't. No, she isn't. Not the same at all. She can't talk to me! She can't run! She can't laugh! She can't smile! Please God, don't let it be this way! No, I won't ask that, because there's nothing to do about it. But why, why, did she have to die now? If we had only a year, only one year—but now, this way, we have nothing. Oh God, perhaps, some day I'll understand it, but now—now, I can't. I don't even want to try. She didn't want to die. I know she didn't. She wanted to live. She lived so vitally—so completely. Do something—God—I can't stand it!

The last prayer was just beginning. And as the prayer proceeded in its slow, methodical rhythm she felt more and more lost. For she knew that with each syllable she was nearer to finality. She knew that when the last "AMEN" was said, that she must leave. She clutched David's hand more tightly.

An extreme dread seeped through her every fiber and as she thought she must go mad with this horrid pain of panic—she looked at her side—and there was Ellen.

"Ellen, oh, Ellen, how sweet of you to come. I'm so glad to see you!"

And as Ellen smiled at her, the pain and fright slowly crept away, and Ellen clasped her hand gently in hers.

She felt herself murmuring again: "Oh, yes, Ellen, I'm so glad to see you. I haven't seen you for three years.

And then . . . she remembered . . . this was Ellen. Ellen, who on that April evening three years ago, had been killed when her car turned over a steep cliff at the edge of town.



DEATH OF A CHILD EDGAR DANIELS

Do you know who smashed the azure vase
That used to stand beneath the mirror in the hall?
Even now its pieces lie in the ashes,
Still as the hand that smashed it.
Can you almost sense the warm smell of purity?
This morning it pervades the room;
Tomorrow and tomorrow it will slowly fade away,
'Till none will ever notice it.
Have you seen the fingerprints in chocolate on the wall?—
Near the floor — the cake is cold, half-eaten on the table;
The fingerprints in chocolate I will wash away
And think of them no more.

QUATRAIN
MARJORIE MILLER

You think I am courageous here
Solitary in the night.
You do not know when morning comes
I am afraid to face the light.



G L O O M
JOHN BUSHONG

Gray skies—no sun, no moon, no blue skies
with white clouds—just gray skies.

6:30. Damn the alarm. Why wake me up so early? Not hungry, bad day. Got a terrible cold, stops up head, tickles throat. Lessons to get. Couldn't study last night because of cold. Dratted cold—why did it have to come now? Want to go home this week-end. No way. No letters for three days. They ought to write to me. No money. Have to write home.

The bell! Only ten minutes till breakfast. Better get up. Why get up? Not hungry. Will get hungry before lunch. C'mon, get up. Same old washroom—always crowded, hot steam in the air—only five minutes. Hair won't part right—too much water. Toothpaste feels like mud. No privacy. Dress. Same old clothes. Breakfast. Same old stuff. Fruit, cereal, toast. No change. Same old stuff. Not hungry. Eat anyway. Feel worse than before. Same old table. Same old fellows. No change.

7:30 class. Same as ever. Tired and sleepy. Hangovers. Bored and boring teacher. Nothing new. Same old stuff.

Dance tonight. No date. Girl's out of town. No other flame. No money. No date. No fun.

Bad day outside. No sun, foggy, heavy air, raw, penetrating wind. Bad cold. No wonder. Hate weather like this. Tired of school. Need sleep. Life's hard to live.

Gray skies—no sun, no moon, no blue skies
with white clouds—just . . . gray skies.

EXERT YOURSELF, PETER

EMMAJANE HILLIARD

Kindly old Professor Ludlow paced his office with a heavy heart—he felt no joy at the task before him. Time after time Peter Shore had been “sent up” to him and as yet no results were evident. How in heaven’s name could the faculty expect him to be stern when the boy couldn’t even get a serious look on his face anymore. It was like talking to a puppy who couldn’t stay still.

As the door opened he turned expectantly. The young man who appeared, entered the room slowly—one part at a time. The effect was that of a badly filmed slow-motion scene. A typical college student was Peter Shore—no more, no less. He had the easily discernible grace of a fine athlete and at the moment, a rather flushed face.

With these two, preliminaries weren’t necessary, for the interviews were occurring with disconcerting regularity. Deciding not to waste time, Professor Ludlow plunged in. He tried hard to keep his voice stern.

“You’re back sooner this time, Shore.”

“Yes sir, this is the only way we get to talk,” came the ingenuous reply.

“That was a bang-up game you played Saturday, boy.”

Peter visibly relaxed.

“Beautiful passing.”

Peter grinned thankfully.

“But you didn’t pass the examination Monday,” shouted the older man suddenly.

Obviously taken back by the surprise attack, Peter wilted. “Gosh, it must have been bad to have you take on so, sir,” he mumbled shamefacedly.

“Who told you, Peter,” came the humorous query, “that the major factor in the defeat of the South in the Civil War was Scarlett O’Hara?”

Peter looked sheepish and hung his head.

"You must have crammed from the wrong book," commented Professor Ludlow dryly. "Try your textbook next time. Even I still find it a great help."

A thoroughly subdued young man waited for the expected lecture and the professor nearly relented. Then turning his back so he wouldn't give in, he quietly reviewed Peter's long list of study neglects.

"You see, Peter," he concluded gravely, "we all know you've got the mind if you'd just buckle down. Being a fine athlete isn't enough to whip the world after you've left school. If you'd only put your mind to it—set yourself evening study hours and then stick to them! Think what it'll mean to the team if your grades make you ineligible," pleaded Professor Ludlow.

Rising and sticking out his hand Peter prepared to leave—chastened and momentarily, at least, very serious.

"You're right, sir. I've just naturally got to make good—for the team," he added with a secret smile in his eyes which an "old" professor couldn't fathom. Suddenly embarrassed and shy he ambled to the door.

"Exert yourself, Peter, that's all I ask—just exert yourself," concluded Professor Ludlow with an encouraging nod.

The talk hadn't seemed much different from all the rest, and sighing wearily the old man returned to his desk.

Apparently though, the boy was busy at something, for during the entire week he glimpsed him only at classes. When he did see him, Peter was strangely restless and excited. For the whole week all his lessons were thoroughly prepared. Then Saturday arrived—the biggest day of the football season—Homecoming.

Watching the crowd buying programs and finding seats, the professor let his mind wander back to memories of his own college days. With a reminiscent chuckle he recalled the girl who

almost got him kicked off the team because he stayed out late once with her—till eleven o'clock, he remembered. Young Shore wasn't as bad as his old prof.—but he'd never know it. Still chuckling, he looked up to see Peter running towards him off the field with the captain of the visiting team. Coming up to Professor Ludlow, he clasped his hand, then breathlessly brushed on past him.

Turning to see the cause of his haste, he saw Peter head for the throne of the Queen. Gradually light dawned for the grand old man and he gleefully watched the little drama—calling himself stupid for not thinking of the feminine touch.

Handing each fellow a chrysanthemum the pretty girl wished them luck. Then she turned to Peter with a formality belied by her twinkling eyes and sly glance in the professor's direction.

"Exert yourself, Peter," she said—and winked. Then leaned over and kissed him quickly.

With a slap-happy grin and a red streak on his chin, Peter tore back to the field.

"Looks like I was using the wrong technique," murmured Professor Ludlow as he strolled on to his seat.

"Exert yourself, Peter," he shouted as the home team lined up for the kick-off! !



I HAD FORGOT MARJORIE MILLER

I had forgot that rain could be so swete;
That piles of wet, brown leaves beneath' my feet
Could be the cause for riotous delight.
I had forgot till you returned that night
I had forgot your voice had power to shake
My heart like red leaves in a whirlwind's wake;
That there was magic in your smile, and song.
I had forgot—you had been gone so long.
You came and left me in a night of rain.
Long days of loneliness and nights of pain,
And wild rebellion 'gainst a futile plan
These will be mine till I forget again.

THE MUTE LYRE
WILMA MOLER CREAMER

I only asked one thing today
But to express
There's something surging deep within
I can't repress.
I can not write of love—not yet
It's all too new
This perfect loveliness was meant
For me not you.
Autumn will not lend itself
To passing rhyme
There's nothing lovely this year
Only dirt and grime
War rears its ugly head and I
Must turn away
I want to write of something
Beautiful Today.
I fight a losing battle
Gone is the thrill
There is no place for poetry
I must be still.



“MOTHER FOR A DAY”

PAUL REBER

Hello there, Bobby. I just thought I would pass by your crib to check on how many covers you have decided to keep, and how many you have decided to kick on the floor. You know very well that a little feller like you can catch a cold in less than a wink. There now, isn't that better? . . . Oh, Lord, it just can't be two whole years.

* * * * *

You should have seen him today. Rob and I took him to town this morning for that new tricycle I have mentioned to you so many times. I just couldn't bear to see him stand at the window all day watching the other children play on their toys. Even if he isn't old enough to ask, I know what goes on in that little head. Well, there we were, way in the back of the store where they sold the toys. Rob and I had agreed to let the baby see everything they had in our price range; that way he could choose the one he liked best. Just as I had thought,

he went straight for the red one with the bell. He walked around and around it until I thought he would get dizzy, saying "Do, do, do—uh umm do." Bless his little heart, he knew it was supposed to do something nice. Rob lifted him up on the seat, and pulled him around the room. All the time Bobby was ringing the bell, and squealing with delight.

It took some time to assure Bobby that the salesman would let daddy have it again, just as soon as he could get it in a box. On the way to the car I carried the baby, and Rob carried the tricycle. When Rob stepped from the curb, the bell gave a little ring, and Bobby began to squirm. He heard it again as we stepped up on the other side of the street. I couldn't hold him any longer. "Umm do, down mamma, down, umm do." When I put him down he looked up at Rob and began patting the sidewalk, pat, pat, pat, right where the people were the thickest. He cried as if his heart would break when I took hold of his hand and led him away. Nothing in the world meant a thing to him but that little red tricycle with the bell.

* * * * *

And now look at him. He's played so hard the rest of the day, that he hasn't opened his eyes since I put him in his bed. Gee, it's funny how you can love such a little thing like that. Oh please, Lord, don't ever let anything take him away; I couldn't stand it. If anyone knows how a mother feels, Lord, it must be you. I may be foolish, but I will remember this day as long as I live. The way he smiled this morning while Rob was leading him around the store room, the way his little soul was welded to that toy somehow makes my heart warm and big.—Oh, Lord, I'd go hungry a million times just to see that smile again. Look: my hands are nervous, and my eyes are hot and dry. I love him, Lord, even more than I can tell you.

* * * * *

What!—Oh, yes, Rob, he's all right. I know. It's getting late.—Good night, Bobby.

OH GOD, ARE YOU THERE?

IRVING BROWN

O God, are you there?
Do you see us kill?
Do you see us plunging, cursing?
Do you watch our gory progress,
Our stale sophistication, hollowness?
Can you look on this
And not shudder,
Turn your eyes away?
Are you listening to us?
Can you hear our petty whines?
Hear our orators
Of melodious and persuasive tongue
And putrid mind
And not scream back,
"Damned liars, sightless fools!" ?
Do you see our docile mobs,
Half hypnotized, sleepy-eyed,
Murmuring, ignorant, helpless?
Can you see this and yet
Not firmly grasp this whole great teeming globe
And throw it hurtling into space
To crush itself in rottenness
Against some wall?



EIGHT-FORTY—ON TIME

RUTHANNA SCHUCK

It was a heavy, misty night in early spring. The air was warm, yet filled with a strange mysteriousness. The night watchman leaned his chair against the wall of the old railroad station. He sucked contentedly on his pipe for a few moments, and then turned his head toward his companion.

"Well, Joe," he said, as though it were an old ritual, "about time for the eight-forty. Miss Pinny ought to be comin' along any minute now."

"Funny thing about her, hain't it," mused the other man. "How long has she been meetin' the eight-forty from the east?"

"Ever since the last war, Joe, and she's never missed a day, be it rain or shine. Always the same.

Poor soul. I can remember when she was a young girl, pretty as a picture she was, all soft and white, with hair as gold as buttercups."

"Don't seem right one should suffer so long, does it?" said Joe.

The old watchman took another puff on his pipe. "It ain't as if she's suffering, though, she's always as hopeful, face all lighted up like an angel. But she's goin' fast, Joe. She's like a shadow, all faded and thin, and her hair white as snow." The older man closed his eyes as if to shut out the realities of the present. He rambled on. "They was to be married soon's he returned from overseas. She came down to see him go . . . it was the worst I've ever seen. They had to hold her back. She sobbed like she was losin' her very soul. Then the news came that his body was bein' sent back—she never knew. She's been waitin' ever since, thinkin' he'll come back to her."

Off in the distance a train whistle moaned plaintively, signaling the approach of the eight-forty. Just then, Miss Pinny came softly down the platform, her small, frail body straight, her face like a hopeful child's. The big engine stormed in and sighed to a stop. The porter stepped down, carrying a large suitcase. Behind him on the step stood a tall youth in an officer's uniform, tan and strong-looking. He swung down onto the platform, tipped the porter, and turned toward the men sitting there.

A soft cry came from the shadows. "John! John, you've come back to me. Oh, my dear, it's been such a long time." The surprised youth held Miss Pinny in his arm, while tears of joy ran unashamed down her pale cheeks. She clung to him for a moment, desperately, crazily. Then she fell against his strong young body, limp and crumpled. The old night watchman came forward, quickly turned her to him.

"She's gone," he said quietly, "but she's had her John back, and that's what she's waited for. Soldier, you've given this lonely soul a paradise"

AURORA BOREALIS

IRVING BROWN

The northern sky danced with white light, flecks of brighter sheets on a background of pale. At first it had seemed like a veiling cloud of mist over the stars, but then it moved in a quick undulating motion that immediately identified it as Aurora Borealis. The moving patterns, however, came up from all around the horizon and rose in brightening surges to a crest directly overhead, a dividing black rivulet running east to west through the center of the dome, one bulging irregularly in the middle, its ends tapered off into the glow. Faint violet and the tinges of pink colored in a hazy cloud that overspread the northwest from the center sky down to the horizon and then pushed up toward the vortex above. In the meantime to the north, east, and south, a radiant apple-green had been sponged onto the overhead convexity. Its colors flushed into a brilliance like the fluorescent glow of a full moon tinged with emerald. Grass underfoot became lush, trees shimmered as twisting leaves reflected the extraordinary light. At the end of the lawn shrubs and bushes were crowned with a dancing border of flowing green.

Slowly the hues faded into the flickering points of hazy white. Above, the rivulet of blackness from the center overflowed toward the horizon. Faint flickers still peeked over the trees and housetops occasionally. Then the skies grew calm as the stars blinked out here and there from the quiet dark.

—o—
THE TRUANT
JEAN UNGER

And so—against the background of the fields
We saw it—turbulent and muddy.
Brown contrasting strangely to the green
Of unripe wheat and hay uncut.
It spread across the road and splashed
Against our just-cleaned car
As though it held dominion over all.
Perhaps it did. — If Nature let it play,
Why shouldn't flood rain-water have its way!

REDECORATION

JULIA THOMAS

Cool, impersonal.
Black notes
On white paper.
Just symbols
Black on white.
Ivory fingertips on ivory keys—
Yours. Then—
Glowing, vividly.
Red notes
Hurling through space
Into my heart
Our love song—red.



THE REVELATION

JULIA THOMAS

Maybe you would never guess it, but I'm perfectly normal. It surely was a load off my mind to have this fact revealed. The funny part is that I'd never have realized it if I hadn't gone into the library last Monday. It happens that along the route which I always take to arrive at the latest issue of LIFE magazine, there's a portable shelf of books. Now, I'd never really noticed this book-shelf except to give it a revengeful kick or two after it had reached out and tripped me, but this time something compelled me to give it a second glance. Then my gaze fell upon a book with the cutest little number you ever saw. There it was—136.7354, with a tiny C67 under it, all of which was done in white on a navy-blue background. Naturally the first thing that entered my head was that any book with a number like that should be simply fascinating to read. And sure enough, after tearing my eyes from the charming color scheme of the cover long enough to look at the title, I knew I'd found the answer to all my problems. It seems fantastic to think that

one plain, ordinary title such as "The Psychology of Adolescence" could change my whole outlook upon life—but it did.

Now, I'm not ashamed to admit that I'm adolescent. Even though I've gone through a lot of grisly experiences and have been face to face with life during my seventeen years, I'm still adolescent. This book says so, and I believe it's trying to be fair and square about the whole thing. Besides that, it is dedicated to Florence Gertrude Jenney, and you know what that means.

The line of action which I took in determining my status quo was to compare myself with, first, the delinquent adolescent, and, second, the normal or chronically-wrought-up adolescent. I would ask myself, "Do you get a big kick out of pounding your mother over the head with a crowbar or do you have an I. Q. of 100, with a couple of decimals thrown in just for fun?" The answer is obvious—neither one.

Now that bit of mental gymnastics just about proved conclusively that I was adolescent, but I wanted to be absolutely positive, so I continued my research. By taking the case of Herbert (nineteen years of age and definitely the fanatic type) and comparing it with the case of Gertrude K., who had grown up in an atmosphere of inhibitions, suppressions, anxieties, misconceptions, and intellectual and social isolation, I was able to arrive at the decision that I just was NOT the neurasthenic type.

I believe that with that statement I need say nothing more. It is plain to be seen that I am an adolescent. Now that I realize this and consequently don't have those dark circles under my eyes any longer, I have only one tinge of regret. That's because I feel that something needs to be done about writing a book on "The Psychology of Adults" who write such books.

THE STRIKE WAS ON
JACQUELINE PFIEFFER

Colossus Labor, placed his hand
Over the factory's smokestacks grand
And closed the draft
Ten thousand women madly rushed
Until each exit fairly gushed
With workmen daft.
The strike was on.



WOMAN'S PREROGATIVE
ELDON SHAUCK

7:30 . . . date at 7:45 . . . 15 minutes to shine shoes, shower, put a crease in his trousers and get to the dorm. Just three minutes for each. Something has to be skipped. The assignment is a day late and one more day won't make much difference. Now he has 15 minutes to shower, press trousers, shine shoes, and get to the dorm. It takes a full minute to decide which to do first. He takes the shower. Four minutes — gone! With haste and paste he shines his shoes. Black on hands won't do. He washes hands. Six minutes and forty seconds left to get to the dorm. Hanging the trousers upside down, he applies the presser. He burns himself and knocks the trousers on the floor, picks them up, brushes them, and finishes the ordeal. Now 7:45 . . . date at 7:45. With stupendous alacrity, he dresses, runs to the dorm, and arrives, feeling like a Greek marathon. He rings for his girl. While waiting, he gets a drink of water, talks to some fellows, glances over the headlines of the evening paper, and then sits down to enjoy the bustle of a girls' dorm. He hears a familiar click of heels, rises hopefully, and his girl walks down the steps. In a hurry? Oh, no! Beautifully graceful and perfectly at ease. Sweetly, but in a voice cool with icicles, she says, "You're late." "I'm sorry," he says, and the incident is closed.

MY AUNT LEORA LUDWIG

"Aunt Kate isn't quite 'all there'. She talks to herself." I can remember hearing those words back in the very early years of my life, and I suppose they've been true for a while longer than that.

When we were small children it used to be quite a matter of pride with us to bring our playmates in for an hour or two. We would sit around extremely quiet for youngsters and listen for Aunt Kate to start her whispering monologue. It was funny then to hear her talk because she would whisper to herself the little calculations of her finances, her worries about housekeeping and now and then a little reminiscence. Once I recall hearing her say "Noah," (she pronounced it No-ee) "you'll just have to keep those chickens out of the front yard." We were just children and didn't realize that Noah, her dead husband, had been gone for years, and that Aunt Kate had long since quit raising chickens. To us her habit was simply one very amusing form of entertainment.

A few years later we gradually became more informed about the normal actions of human beings and we realized that it wasn't just the usual thing for one to converse with one's self. We grew ashamed of the little old lady with her peculiarity, even indignant of the poor soul, and with the unknowing cruelty of the teens we'd often snub her just so she would make herself scarce when visitors came. There was simply no predicting what she might say. Oh, she didn't mean to be rude, but she'd grown a little bit deaf and didn't whisper anymore; she had to talk aloud so that she could hear herself. Once a lady came to visit Mother. She was a disagreeable person, but somehow her disposition didn't decrease her social prestige and influence in the community. She was inclined to be loquacious and a little bit boring for most of us. But imagine our embarrassment when after a couple of hours of conversation (mostly on the part of our

distinguished visitor) we heard Aunt Kate say in a voice clearly audible to everyone, "I do wish she'd leave!" Of course we weren't bothered very much by the influential Mrs. Whosis after that little episode.

Just recently, though, I've come to a new understanding about my aunt. I couldn't say why—maybe it's because I'm finally nearing adulthood with its accompanying maturity and tolerance. But I've begun to realize that my aunt's queer little habit is what keeps her going? She's been alone for more than forty years, except for her occasional sojourns with us, and she goes perhaps for months with not a soul to confide in—no one with whom to share the weather, books, old times, grandchildren, or any of the countless small things old people find to occupy their minds. It is no wonder Aunt Kate isn't exactly "right" from the point of view of you and me.

Aunt Kate is quite old now; I don't suppose she'll be around much longer. I hope that somehow some day soon she'll find contentment and peace and maybe someone to whom she can talk about her chickens.



REBELLION

WILLIAM MOLER CREAMER

Why was man ever made to be so tired;
Creator God, you made us, put us here
Why take our time? Eternal rest's so near.
Must we succumb to useless nights of sleep?
Why not with everlasting spark be fired
Our bodies, — With so much to see and do
I cannot take one hour from years so few
At every evening to be pillowed deep.
Why not throw off this sense of deadly weight?
Creator God, I have a poem to write
A flower to pick, a world for which to fight;
But at each nightfall to my bed I creep.
Why can I not o'ercome my dreaded fate?
My body—fragile thing—my thoughts defy
So in my darkened room chagrined I lie
And curse these empty awful nights of sleep.

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